there were moments"- She flushed

"I could not make you love me," he

"Because you yourself had not learn-

ed how. But-at times-new looking

back to it-I think-I think we were

that dreadful dream closed down on

For a long while they sat in silence.

Mrs. Ruthven's white furs now cov-

ered her face. At last the carriage

As he sprang to the curb he became

aware of another vehicle standing in

"What is she doing here?" he asked,

"Phil," she said in a low voice, "I

knew you had taken this place. Gerald

you under the awning it came to me

in a flash what to do. And I've done it.

"No. Did Gerald tell you that I had

Selwyn looked at her gravely, and

"Before I go may I say one more

"Yes, if you please. Is it about Ger-

"That check is-is deposited to your

dreamed of using it." Her cheeks were

afire again, but with shame this time.

"You will have to accept it, Alixe."

"You must. Don't you see you will

affront Gerald? He has repaid me. That

shudder. "What shall I do with it?"

him. He took her hand very gently

"I wish you happiness," he said. "I

"Yes, if there is anything to forgive.

He turned sharply, quivering under

he motioned her to enter the brougham.

"Home," he said unsteadily and

stood there very still for a minute or

keys, but a sudden horror of being

alone arrested him, and he stepped

was already turning his horse's head:

back to Mrs. Gerard's. And take your

Chapter 6

plodding through the last chapters of

"This is a wretched excuse for sitting

up," he yawned, laying the book flat on

the table, but still open. "I ought

never to be trusted alone with any

glasses, yawned again and surveyed

"Very pretty," he said. "Well, how

were arriving for the dance as I left."

"I didn't know she was going," said

"She didn't want you to. The play-

ful kitten business, you know-frisks

apropos of nothing to frisk about. But

we all fancied you'd stay for the

"I think so. But don't wait for me,

Selwyn unfolded the paper. So his

Austin. Is that the evening paper?

at Selwyn with ruddy gravity.

"Whisk?" he inquired.

"Cigar?" mildly urgent.

all debutante and slop twaddle?"

"Eileen went at half past 11."

Selwyn from head to foot.

a brand new novel.

Selwyn, surprised.

"No, thanks."

Where is St. Paul?"

"Bed?"

T was still early-lacking

a quarter of an hour to

midnight-when Selwyn

arrived home. Nina had

retired, but Austin sat in

the library, obstinately

"Wait a moment. I think I'll drive

"Good night, boy," she gasped.

check is not mine, nor is it his."

care to. Good night, child."

ask your forgiveness."

Good night."

"Give me mine, then."

and retained it while he spoke.

saw the signature on that check?"

she looked him very steadily in the

turning in astonishment to Mrs. Ruth-

front of the house, a cab, from which

repeated. "I did not know how."

us again. And then-the end."

stopped.

Are you sorry?"

"Yes, Phil."

"What?"

"I cannot."

him do it agairf."

"No. And-Phil?"

taken this place?"

"Yes. I asked him."

word?" he asked gently.

The Younger Set

૱૱**૱૱૱૱૱૱૱૱૱૱૱૱૱૱૱૱૱૱૱૱૱૱૱૱૱૱**

By ROBERT W. CHAMBERS, Author of "The Fighting Chance," Etc.

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oh, little girl, what have you done to hands in both of his with all the atyourself, for you have done nothing to me, child, that can match it in sheer

Her color was long in returning. "Philip," she said unsteadily, "I don't think I can stand this"-

"Yes, you can." "I am too close to the wall. I"-Talk to Scott Innis. Take him away from Rosamund Fane; that will tide you over. Or feed those fool fish; like this! Look how they rush and flap and spatter! That's amusing, isn't it-for people with the intellects of canaries? Will you please try to say something? Mrs. T. West is exhibiting the restless symptoms of a hen turkey at sundown, and we'll all

shiver that way!" "I c-can't control it. I will in a moment. Give me a chance. Talk to me.

"Certainly. The season has been unusually gay and the opera most stupid- rense! Rosamund is a perfect cat!" ly brilliant. Stocks continue to fluctuate. Another old woman was tossed and gored by a mad motor this morning. More time, Alixe? With pleasure. Mrs. Vendenning has bought a third rate castle in Wales. A man was found dead with a copy of the Tribune in his pocket, the verdict being in accordance with fact. The Panama canal"-

But it was over at last-a flurry of sweeping skirts, ranks of black and white in escort to the passage of the fluttering silken procession.

"Goodby," she said. "I am not staying for the dance."

"Goodby," he said pleasantly. "I wish you better fortune for the future. I'm sorry I was rough."

He was not staying either. A dull excitement possessed him, resembling suspense, as though he were awaiting a denouement, as though there was yet some crisis to come.

After awhile he found himself in the

The younger set was arriving. He recognized several youthful people, friends of Eileen Erroll, and, taking saw Mrs. Ruthhis bearings among these bright, fresh ven, enveloped faces, amid this animated throng, con- in white furs, stantly increased by the arrival of step from the Schwyn saw Mrs. Rutt others, he started to find the hostess, portal. now lost to sight in the breezy circle of

vaguely familiar, names which caused shoulder straight back at Selwyn, and him to turn quickly, but seldom were as she stood in silence, evidently

he was standing: "All the younger without a public affront to her. brothers and sisters are coming here to confound me. I hear a Miss Innis announced, but it turns out to be her younger sister"-"By the way, do you know my

name?" she asked.

"No," he said frankly. "Do you know mine?"

"Of course I do. I listened breathlessly when somebody presented you wholesale at your sister's the other prophecy of his hammering pulses? day. I'm Rosamund Fane. You might as well be instructed because you're to take me in at the Orchils' next Thursday night, I believe."

Looking up at a chinless young man who had halted near her, she said, "George, this is Captain Selwyn." Glancing at Selwyn: "Have you met

my husband? Oh, of course!" They exchanged a commonplace or two; then other people separated them without resistance on their part. And Selwyn found himself drifting, mildly interested in the vapid exchange of civilities which cost nobody a mental effort.

His sister, he had once thought, was certainly the most delightfully youth- have done enough to stir this borough ful matron in New York. But now he made an exception of Mrs. Fane. Rosa-

mund Fane was much younger-must have been younger, for she still had something of that volatile freshness. that vague atmosphere of immaturity clinging to her like a perfume almost too delicate to detect, and under that the case." the most profound capacity for mischief he had ever known of. Saunter- case?" ing amiably amid the glittering groups continually forming and disintegrating under the clustered lights, he finally succeeded in reaching his hostess.

And Mrs. T. West Minster disengag- pect from her. ed herself from the throng with intention as he approached.

No. And he was so sorry, and it was very amiable of his hostess to be. The words came." want him, but he was not remaining for the dance.

So much for the hostess, who stood there massive and gem laden, her kindly and painted features tinted now sick with self contempt, I tell you." with genuine emotion.

"Can you forgive a very much mortified old lady who is really and truly her palm. fond of you?" she said.

-IF-

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column of THE NEWS.

tractive deference that explained his popularity. Rising excitement or into his face and cleared his pleasant gray eyes, and he looked very young and handsome, his broad shoulders bent a trifle before the enameled and bejeweled matron.

"Forgive you?" he "The boy is thor-repeated, with a laugh oughbred," she of protest. "On the contrary, I thank you. Mrs. Ruthven is one of the most return." charming women I know, if that is

go to roost in another minute. Don't what you mean." Looking after him as he made his way toward the cloakroom, "The boy is thoroughbred," she reflected cynically, "and the only amusement anybody can get out of it will be at my ex-

> 国际特别。这一选举的人的"各种"在2 He had sent for his cab, which, no doubt, was in line somewhere, wedged among the ranks of carriages stretching east and west along the snowy street, and he stood on the thick crimson carpet under the awning while it silence. was being summoned. The Cornelius Suydams, emerging from the house. offered Selwyn tonneau room, but he smilingly declined, having a mind for solitude and the Lenox club. A phalanx of debutantes, opera bound, also

left. Then the tide set heavily the other way, and there seemed no end to the line of arriving vehicles and guests until he heard a name pronounced. A ed back an ap-

policeman warnproaching motor, and Selwyn

She saw him ven enveloped in furs. silk and lace setting in from the stairs. as he moved back, nodded, passed di-He heard names announced which rectly to her brougham and set foot meant nothing to him, which stirred on the step. Pausing here, she looked no memory, names which sounded about her right and left, then over her army career when I-went mad"-He said to a girl behind whose chair for him any longer to misunderstand

When he started toward her she spoke to her maid, and the latter moved aside, with a word to the groom in waiting.

"My maid will dismiss your carriage," she said pleasantly when he halted beside her. "There is one thing

more which I must say to you." Was this what he had expected hazard might bring to him? Was this the

"Please hurry before people come out," she added and entered the

brougham. "I can't do this" he muttered

"I've sent away my maid," she said. "Nobody has noticed. Those are servants out there. Will you please come before anybody arriving or departing does notice?"

And as he did not move, "Are you going to make me conspicuous by this humiliation before servants?" He said something between his set

teeth and entered the brougham.

"Do you know what you've done?" he demanded harshly. "Yes; nothing yet. But you would

if you had delayed another second." "Your maid saw"-

"My maid is my maid." He leaned back in his corner, gray eyes narrowing.

"Naturally." he said, "you are the one to be considered, not the man in

"Thank you. Are you the man in the

"There is no case," he said coolly. "Then why worry about me?" He folded his arms, sullenly at bay, yet had no premonition of what to ex-

"You were very brutal to me," she said at length.

"I know it, and I did not intend to "You had me at your mercy and

showed me little—a very little at first, afterward none." "The words came," he repeated. "I'm She set her white gloved elbow on

the window sill and rested her chin in "That money," she said, with an ef-

He laughed, holding her fat, ringed fort, "You set some aside for me." "Half." he nodded calmly. "Why?"

He was silent. "Why? I did not ask for it. There

was nothing in the-the legal proceedings to lead you to believe that I desired it, was there?"

"Well, then"-her breath came unsteadily-"what was there in me to make you think I would accept it?"

He did not reply. "Answer me. This is the time to an-

swer me.

"The answer is simple enough," he said in a low voice. "Together we had made a failure of partnership. When that partnership was dissolved there remained the joint capital to be dividfailed." And I divided it. Why not?"

"That capital was yours in the beginning, not mine. What I had of my own you never controlled, and I took it with me when I went." "It was very little," he said.

"What of that? Did that concern you? Did you think I would have accepted anything from you? A thousand times I have been on the point of notifying you through attorney that the deposit now standing in my name

is at your disposal." "Why didn't you notify me then?" he asked, reddening to the temples.

"Because I did not wish to hurt you had sent the col- by doing it that way. And I had not the courage to say it kindly over my own signature. That is why, Captain Selwyn."

And as he remained silent: "That is what I had to say; not all, because I wish to-to thank you for offering it. Mrs. Ruthven's maid descended. You did not have very much either. and you divided what you had. So I thank you, and I return it." The tension forced her to attempt a laugh. "So we stand once more on equal terms unless you have anything of mine to told me. Forgive me, but when I saw

"I have your photograph," he said. The silence lasted until he straightened up and, rubbing the fog from the

window glass, looked out. "We are in the park," he remarked. turning toward her.

"Yes. I did not know how long it might take to explain matters. You eyes. are free of me now whenever you wish."

He picked up the telephone-hesitated. "Home?" he inquired with an effort. And at the forgotten word they looked at one another in stricken

"Y-yes; to your home first if you will let me drop you there"-"Thank you. That might be impru-

"No. I think not. You say you are living with the Gerards?" "Yes, temporarily, but I've already taken another place."

"Where?" "Oh, it's only a bachelor's kennel, a couple of rooms"

"Where, please?" "Near Lexington and Sixty-sixth. I could go there. It's only partly furnished yet"-

"Then tell Hudson to drive there." "Thank you, but it is not necessarv"-

"Please let me. Tell Hudson or I will." "You are very kind," he said and

gave the order. "May I ask my question?" she said. "Ask it, child."

"Then are you happy?" He did not answer.

"Because I desire it, Philip. I want you to be. You will be, won't you? 1 did not dream that I was ruining your

"How did it happen, Alixe?" he asked, with a cold curiosity that chilled the faces as familiar as the names. awaiting him, it became impossible her. "How did it come about, wretched as we seemed to be together, unhappy, incapable of understanding each other"-

"Phil! There were days"-

He raised his eyes. "You speak only of the unhappy ones." she said. "But there were moments"-

"Yes, I know it, and so I ask you

why?" "Phil, I don't know. There was that last bitter quarrel-the night you left for Leyte after the dance. I-it all grew suddenly intolerable. You seemed so horribly unreal-everything seemed unreal in that ghastly cityyou, I, our marriage of crazy impulse -the people, the sunlight, the deathly odors, the torturing, endless creak of the punkha. It was not a question of -of love, of anger, of hate. I tell you



"I have your photograph," he said. cerning you or myself-after that last scene-only a stupefied, blind necessity

to get away, a groping instinct to move toward home-to make my way home and be rid forever of the dream that drugged me! And then-and then"-

"He came," said Selwyn very quietly. "Go on." But she had nothing more to say.

"Alixe!"

ANYTHING

LOST-tound, for sale, for rent, ad-

THE NEWS.

vertise in the classified column

brother-in-law moved ponderously She shook her head, closing bei away, yawning frightfully at every "Little girl-oh, little girl," he said

heavy stride, and the younger man settled back in his chair, a fragrant softly, the old familiar phrase finding cigar balanced between his strong. its way to his lips-and she trembled slim fingers, one leg dropped loosely slightly-"was there no other way but over the other. After awhile the news that? Had marriage made the world paper fell to the floor. such a living bell for you that there He sat there without moving for a was no other way but that?" "Phil. I helped to make it a hell."

long time. His cigar, burning close, had gone out. The fire having burned low, he rose, laid a pair of heavy logs across the coals, dragged his chair to the hearth and settled down in it deep-

Long after his cigar burned bitter he sat with eyes fixed on the blaze When the flames at last began to flick- lieve-refused through sheer instinct er and subside his lids fluttered, then | while ignorant of its meaning? drooped, but he had lost all reckoning

of time when he opened them again to "Yes-because I was pitiably inadefind Miss Erroll in furs and ball gown kneeling on the hearth and laying a quate to design anything better for us. I didn't know how. I didn't under- log across the andirons.

stand. I, the architect of our future-"Upon my word!" he murmured, confused; then, rising quickly: "Is that "It was worse than that, Phil. you, Miss Erroll? What time is it?" "We"-she looked blindly at him-"we "Four o'clock in the morning, Caphad yet to learn what love might be. tain Selwyn," she said, straightening We did not know. If we could have up to her full height. "This room is waited-only waited-perhaps-because icy. Are you frozen?"

Chilled through, he stood looking about in a dazed way, incredulous of the hour and of his own slumber.

"I don't know how I happened to do it." he muttered, abashed by his plight. "I rekindled the fire for your benefit," she said. "You had better use it before you retire." And she seated very near to it-at moments. And then herself in the armchair, stretching out



Craig. her ungloved hands to the blaze, smooth, innocent hands, so soft, so amazingly fresh and white.

"Yes. Don't let him gamble. You He moved a step forward into the warmth, stood a moment, then reached "Then you understand. Don't let forward for a chair and drew it up beside hers. "Do you mean to say you are not

sleepy?" he asked. "I? No, not in the least. I will be tomorrow, though."

credit-with the rest. I have never "Did you have a good time? You danced a lot, I dare say," he ventured. "Yes-a lot," studying the floor.

"Decent partners?" "Oh, yes."

"Who was there?" She looked up at him. "You were

"I can't take it," she said, with a not there," she said, smiling. "No, I cut it. But I did not know "There are ways-hospitals, if you you were going. ou said nothing about it." She stretched out her gloved arm to

"Of course you would have stayed if you had known, Captain Selwyn?" She was still smiling.

"Of course," he replied. "Would you really?"

"Why, yes."

There was something not perfectly familiar to him in the girl's bright brevity, in her direct personal inquiry. for between them hitherto the gayly the familiar name. Her maid, standimpersonal had ruled except in moing in the snow, moved forward, and ments of lightest badinage.

"Was it an amusing dinner?" she asked in her turn.

"Rather." Then he looked up at two, even after the carriage had whirl- her, but she had stretched her slim. ed away into the storm. Then, look- silk shod feet to the fender, and her ing up at the house, he felt for his head was bent aside, so that he could see only the curve of the cheek and the little, close set ear under its ruddy back, calling out to his cabman, who mass of gold.

"Who was there?" she asked, too, carelessly.

For a moment he did not speak. Under his bronzed cheek the flat muscles stirred. Had some meddling, malicious fool ventured to whisper an unfit jest to this young girl? Had a word or a smile and a phrase cut in two awakened her to a sorry wisdom at his expense? Something had happened, and the idea stirred him to wrath, as when a child is wantonly frightened or a dumb creature misused.

"What did you ask me?" he inquired gently.

"I asked you who was there, Captain Selwyn."

He recalled some names and laughingly mentioned his dinner partner's preference for Harmon. She listened absently, her chin nestling in her palm. only the close set, perfect ear turned book." Then he removed his reading toward him.

"Who led the cotillon?" he asked. "Jack Ruthven, dancing with Rosamund Fane."

are the yellow ones, Phil? Or was it She drew her feet from the fender and crossed them, still turned away "Few from the cradle, but bunches from him, and so they remained in stlence until again she shifted her position almost impatiently.

"You are very tired," he said.

"No: wide awake." "Don't you think it best for you to go to bed?" "No, but you may go."

And as he did not stir, "I mean that dance." He vawned mightily and gazed you are not to sit here because I do." And she looked around at him. "What has gone wrong, Eileen?" he

said quietly.

He had never before used her given name, and she flushed up. "There is nothing the matter, Captain Selwyn. Why do you ask?

"Yes, there is," he said. "There is not, I tell you"-"And if it is something you cannot understand," he continued pleasantly, perhaps it might be well to ask Nina to explain it to you."

"There is nothing to explain." "Because," he went on very gently. one is sometimes led by malicious suggestion to draw false and unpleas-

ant inferences from harmless facts"-"Captain Selwyn"-

"Yes, Eileen." But she could not go on. Speech and thought itself remained sealed; only a confused consciousness of being hurt remained-somehow to be remedied by omething he might say, might deny.

Yet how could it help her for him to deny what she herself refused to be-

(To be continued.)

VERMONTER CUTS AND PILES FIVE CORDS IN A DAY.

Maxwell Evarts Wins \$10,000 as Result of Faith in His Native State -Great Feat Witnessed by

Prominent Men. Windsor, Vt .- Vermont has proved it still holds the wood chopping championship of the world. Edward Moot the other day cut down, chopped up, split, and piled five and one-half cords

of wood in ten hours and 50 minutes. The feat was the result of the boast of Maxwell Evarts, son of the late W. M. Evarts, at a dinner in Washington last winter, that the Green Mountain state possessed the huskiest chopper in the world. Following his boast wagers to the amount of \$10,000 were made by Evarts. Charles T. Treat, treasurer of the United States, took \$5,000 of this wager and several sena-

tors agreed to cover the other half. The original wager was that Moot could handle five cords in a day. He did it in an hour and a half less than the required time and had an extra eighth of a cord in his pile and an ex tra half cord of chopped and spli wood on the ground.

Mr. Moot besides receiving \$100 for his day's work from Mr. Evarts is said to have won considerably more than that by backing himself.

The contest was watched by a number of distinguished men whom Mr. Evarts had brought from Washington, New York, Boston and by some 1,000 residents of the state, who had gathered to encourage the state champion. Most conspicuous among the guests were L. F. Lore, president of the Delaware & Hudson railroad; L. A. Coolidge, assistant secretary of the United States treasury; Samuel G. Blythe of New York, and A. B. Kittredge of South Dakota.

Woodchopper Moot laid out a row of axes, all sharpened to a keen edge, shortly before the rise of the sun, in the edge of a basswood growth. Refreshing himself with a drink of brandy and milk, he made ready for the contest. His son, Frank, stood close by ready to hand the chopper his axes and wedges as needed.

At 5:52 Mr. Moot drove his ax into the first tree. At 2:30 he had finished chopping and splitting the five cords stipulated, and the piling was about one-third completed.

Moot stopped twice to eat during the morning, taking two lunches, losing ten minutes each. After three o'clock, realizing that he would easily win, he worked more slowly, but at 4:22, an hour 28 minutes before sunset, he laid the last stick in place amid the cheers of the crowd.

BEER OF ANCIENT BREW.

Bottle Remained in a Well Twenty-Four Years Before Recovery.

Shelbyville, Ind .- A bottle of beer, put up 23 years ago, was unearthed on the Martin Burchert farm, near Prescott, the other day. There is a story

connected with it. In the fall of 1885 Burchert and Barney Leland, both well-known residents of Shelby township, went into the harvest field to work. They took two quart bottles of Cincinnati beer with them. When they arrived at an old well on the place they drank the contents of one bottle and lowered the other into the well to keep cool. When their work was finished in the afternoon one of the men went to the well and attempted to draw the bottle up. He broke the string, causing the bottle to fall to the bottom of the well.

which was 25 feet deep. The present season has been very dry, causing the water in the well to be only a foot or two in depth, and Burchert decided to clean it out. While he was doing so he found this bottle with the beer still in it.

is of wire, which method went out of use 16 years ago. GERONIMO TO HUNT IN TEXAS.

War Department Grants Permission

The fastening at the top of the neck

to Attend Sporting Event. Lawton, Okla.-Chief Quanah Parker of the Comanches is planning a great hunt of several weeks in the Panhandle of Texas during the latter part of October, in which will join not only the famous Indian chief, but also ten of his leading men, War Chief Geronimo of the Apaches, several of the leading ranchmen of western Texas, and Gov. Campbell of the Lone

By arrangement of Chief Parker. the officials of the war department have agreed to permit Geronimo to accompany the hunters. Parker also has just got from Texas authorities permits for all of his men to hunt

The hunt is to take place on the range of the great Mata Ir Land and Cattle Company ranch, with headquarters at Trinidad, Col., covering the counties of Motley, Pickens, Cottle and Floyd, and on this range, says Parker, may be found wolves, deer, and several other kinds of big game.

Makes a Traveling Kitchen.

Yardley, Pa.-Cornelius O'Connell, who resides across the canal from the Johnson trolley power house, claims that the vibration caused by the exaust has moved his cookstove four inches from its proper resting place. But a petition presented to Judge

Stout to abate the nulsance will not be acted upon by the court, it being claimed the matter was not properly presented.